The Sea will ebb and flow, heauen ſhew his face:
Young blood doth not obay an olde decree.
We can not croſſe the cauſe why we were borne:
Therefore of all handes muſt we be forſworne.
King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome loue of thine?
Ber. Did they quoth you? Who ſees the heauenly *Roſaline*,
That (like a rude and ſauadge man of *Inde*.)
At the firſt opning of the gorgious Eaſt,
Bowes not his vaſſall head, and ſtrooken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt.
What peremptorie Eagle-ſighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maieſtie?
King. What zeale, what furie, hath inſpirde thee now?
My Loue (her Miſtres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) ſcarce ſeene a light.
Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*.
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the culd ſoueraigntie,
Do meete as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where ſeuerall worthies make one dignitie,
Where nothing wantes, that want it ſelfe doth ſeeke.
Lend me the floriſh of all gentle tongues,
Fie paynted Rethoricke, O ſhee needes it not,
To thinges of ſale, a ſellers prayſe belonges:
She paſſes prayſe, then prayſe too ſhort doth blot.
A witherd Hermight fiueſcore winters worne,
Might ſhake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beautie doth varniſh Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O tis the Sunne that maketh all thinges ſhine.
King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word deuine!
A wife of ſuch wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may ſweare Beautie doth beautie lacke,
If that ſhe learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is fayre that is not full ſo blacke.

King. O paradox, Blacke is the badg
The hue of dungions, and the Schoole
And beauties creſt becomes the heaue
Ber. Diuels ſooneſt tempt reſembli
O if in blacke my Ladyes browes be de
It mournes, that painting vſurping hai
Should rauiſh dooters with a falſe aſpe
And therefore is ſhe borne to make bl
Her fauour turnes the faſhion of the d
For natiue blood is counted paynting n
And therefore redd that would auoyde
Paintes it ſelfe blacke, to imitate her bre
Duma. To looke like her are Chim
Long. And ſince her time are Collie
King. And *Æthiops* of their ſweete
Duma. Darke needes no Candles no
Ber. Your Miſtreſſes dare neuer com
For feare their colours ſhould be waſh
King. T were good yours did: for ſir
Ile finde a fayrer face not waſht to day.
Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till
King. No Diuel will fright thee then
Duma. I neuer knew man holde vile
Long. Looke, heer's thy loue, my foo
Ber O if the ſtreetes were paued wit
Her feete were much too daintie for ſu
Duma. O vile, then as ſhe goes what
The ſtreete ſhould ſee as ſhe walkt ou
King. But what of this, are we not al
Ber. O nothing ſo ſure, and thereby
King. Then leaue this chat, and good
Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not t
Duma. I marie there, ſome flatterie f
Long. O ſome authoritie how to proc
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to chea
Duma. Some ſalue for periurie.
Ber. O tis more then needs.
Haue at you then affections men at arm

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